



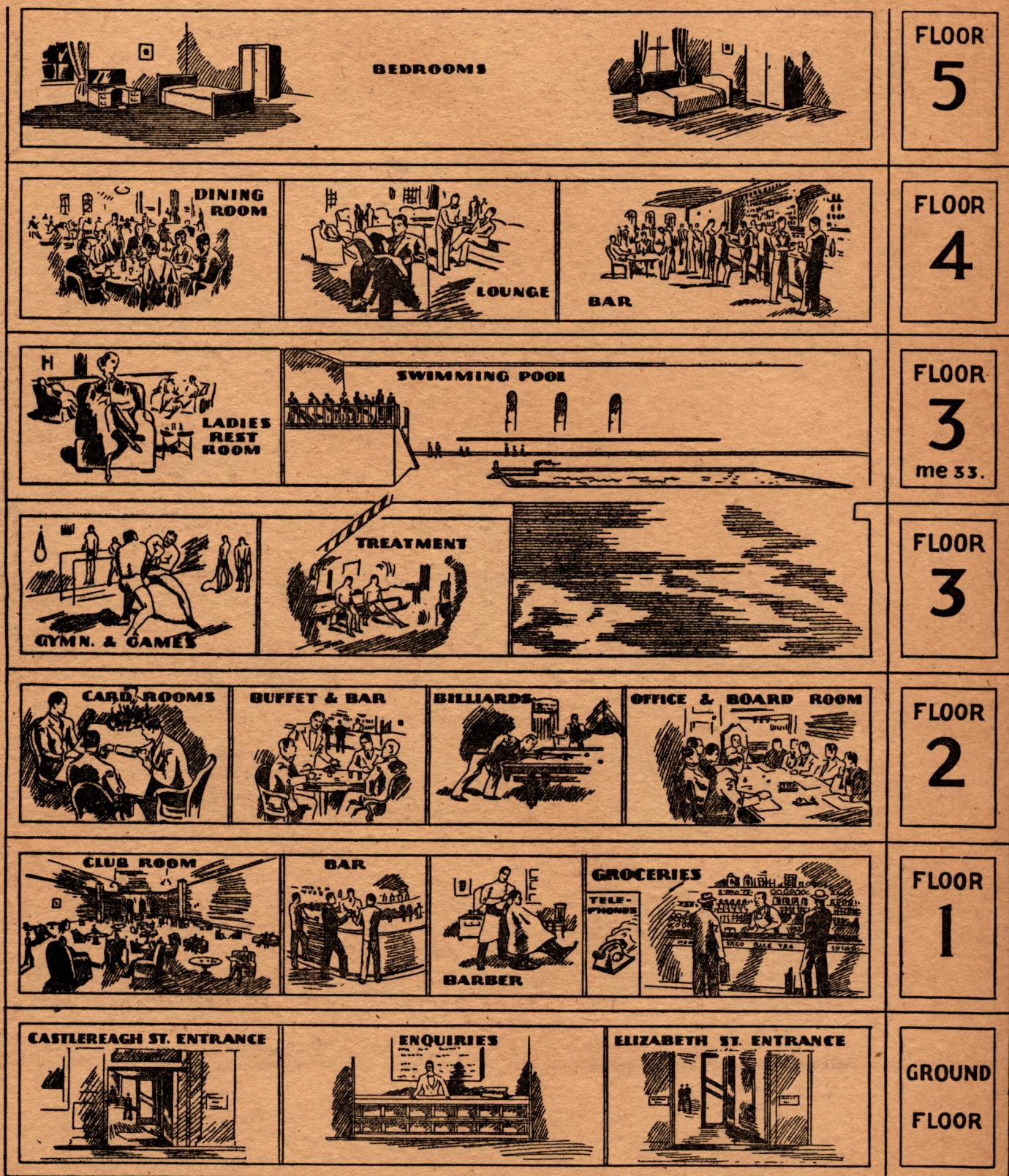
# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 16—No. 12. February, 1944.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## 157 ELIZABETH STREET SYDNEY

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OCASIONAL demonstrations are inseparable from crowds; any crowds, football crowds, cricket crowds, racecourse crowds, and so on. While these outbursts remain good-humored they may be tolerated as being "all in the game." There is a limit, however, and it must have been approached recently, if not exceeded. This is not to refer exclusively to demonstrations in any quarter.

No man who owns a horse, sails a boat, swings a bat, dips an oar, or pulls on a glove for pleasure or profit should be exposed to public ridicule. It is asking too much of even the best-balanced sportsmen to ignore a concerted attack on their personal reputations. They may do so at the time as a gesture to seemly conduct, and no harm may be done by gentle remonstrance, but the aggrieved parties should not be considered barred by any sporting code from taking subsequent action against their revilers.

What are the demonstrators yelling about? Ten times out of ten on the racecourse they have "done their money." Their judgment has been astray. Their violence is due to an upsurge of chagrin.

A crowd, any crowd, contains so many cross sections that its emotions are chaotic. The worst stratum may represent only 2% of the total, but it usually has a 98% yelling capacity. We must suffer it occasionally, but there is no reason why we should endure it permanently. Developments may yet dictate an official gesture of reproof. This should be welcomed along with a measure of protection for the libelled. And it might be done without inhibiting honest barracking.

# The Club Man's Diary

**FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS:** 1st, Major W. T. Wood; 2nd, E. E. Hirst, A. V. Miller; 6th, C. O. Chambers, T. S. Prescott; 8th, A. J. M. Kelly; 9th, A. E. Cruttenden; 11th, S. W. Griffith; 13th, H. Norton, A. J. Matthews, W. Hildebrandt; 17th Geo. S. Smith; 25th, H. S. Clissold; 29th, J. G. O'Brien.

\* \* \*

Mr. Nathan Magnus has received official advice that his son, P.O. Errol Magnus, who is a captain of a Lancaster bomber stationed in England, has received the D.F.C. He has made more than 30 operational flights over Germany and Italy, and he received this decoration "in recognition of gallant service."

\* \* \*

The O'Riordans of Sydney, among the best known of the older families, suffered a triple bereavement recently, two of their members having been killed in action overseas and a third having died while engaged here on military duties.

Sergeant John O'Riordan, killed in action in New Guinea, was a son of club member John O'Riordan, and Flying-Officer Clifford O'Riordan, killed in operations over Hamburg, and Dr. Sidney Micheal O'Riordan, who died on January 19 in Sydney, were brothers of John.

Sergeant John O'Riordan was ambushed on a New Guinea jungle track while on patrol. He was buried where he fell, just north of Finschhafen.

Flying-Officer Clifford O'Riordan was reported missing from operations over Hamburg on July 29, 1943. German authorities have advised the Red Cross in Geneva of his having been killed on that flight.

Dr. O'Riordan served in the previous war for four and a half years and was awarded the Military Cross. He had been in practice at Randwick for the past 25 years and was honorary medical officer to the Little Sisters of the Poor for 18 years. Requiem High Mass was celebrated in their chapel as a solemn tribute to his memory.

Dr. O'Riordan was educated at St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill. He is survived by a widow and five children.

\* \* \*

Several months ago, a cable from London to the Sydney press regarding Cliff. O'Riordan was reprinted in this magazine. The King was inspecting members of the R.A.A.F. and, observing Cliff. on crutches,

## LAST OF AN ISLANDER

On Bougainville, which lies on the northward road to the big enemy naval base at Truk, the Jap occupiers decided to kill the paramount chief of the native tribes as an object lesson. The idea was to terrorise the lesser chiefs into co-operating in the spreading of the Tokyo brand of enlightenment in these parts.

The paramount chief, a fine specimen of Kanaka manhood, was led to a clearing in the jungle and shovelled before a chopping block. Alongside the block was a newly-dug grave. Around the rim of the clearing stood the sub-chiefs, their dark faces impassive. Their eyes were on the paramount chief, who stood, utterly fearless, his arms folded, his composure icy.

He didn't change expression as the Japanese commander, a round-bellied little man, read his death sentence and then chattered a dia-tribe against the English, who, he said, were weak and decadent, and the Americans, who were even worse. To show his contempt for the Americans, the commander went through a pantomime of making his putted legs quake, a common gesture of derision on the part of the Japanese braves. The paramount chief didn't move a facial muscle, nor did he when the commander exhorted all present to refuse co-operation with Allied soldiers.

But when the ranting was over and the headsman stepped into position, the paramount chief finally spoke. "Me glad die 'long white man," he said in pidgin English. Then he knelt and bowed his head over the block, and the blow fell.

(From a "Saturday Evening Post" report by U.S. war correspondent Joseph Driscoll.)

recovering from an accident on active service, asked how he had come by his injuries. Cliff. answered: "I fell off a horse, your Majesty."

Flying-Officer O'Riordan was a barrister-at-law in Sydney before enlisting. He received his degree in 1936. He became a member of this club on April 15, 1935.

Like his nephew, Sergeant John, Flying-Officer O'Riordan was a former student of St. Ignatius College, Riverview. In 1925 he played with the college Second XV and rowed in the First Four at the G.P.S. regatta, won the 100 yds. and 220 yds. (open) at the college sports, and was a member of the college athletic team for the G.P.S. sports meeting. In 1926 and 1927 he again represented his school with distinction in athletics, rowing and football. He carried off honors scholastically as well, and matriculated in 1927.

Flying-Officer O'Riordan was in the raid over Cologne in May, 1942, and he was mentioned in the first two big raids over Berlin, going over on the first and second nights. He was also in major raids over Italy before losing his life over Hamburg.

\* \* \*

Sergeant John O'Riordan was at St. Ignatius from 1934 till 1940. He played among the forwards at football. In 1939 he rowed in the First Four at the G.P.S. regatta. In the following year he stroked the college Eight at the All-Schools regatta on the Nepean.

John joined the A.I.F. and left for New Guinea in October, 1942. He served with the Veterinary Corps as a sergeant in charge of a supply unit. He transferred to the First Papuan Infantry Battalion.

Mr. John O'Riordan's other son, Jim, served 12 months in the Artillery in New Guinea. He has now transferred to the Air Force and is being trained as a pilot. Before he left St. Ignatius, Jim knocked 10 secs. off the College mile record.

Well might we revere the name of the O'Riordans for their service and sacrifice, remembering them as sportsmen who played the game in peace and war; for the love of the game in peace, inspired by a devotion to duty in war.

"How old are you?" counsel asked a woman in a Melbourne court. Whether she fixed dates by the racing calendar or whether she was out to parry an embarrassing question must be left to conjecture. She answered. "I don't know exactly. They tell me I am as old as Bobby Lewis." The dialogue continued:

How long have you been here.—Well, my husband came down from Darwin in the year Eurythmic won the Caulfield Cup.

When did your husband die?—The year that Backwood won the Melbourne Cup.

\* \* \*

Frequently in court I have seen Judges and Magistrates permit women to write their ages on slips of paper which were, with due solemnity and secrecy, passed to the Bench and to counsel for the plaintiff and the defendant. The Press had a right to ask to be informed but did not bother.

Once, only once, when a woman was granted that privilege, she spoke up: "It's no secret. I'm 33."

\* \* \*

The age of Clarrie Grimmett was always an intriguing speculation among cricket writers in the heyday of the bowler. Clarrie, who is still taking wickets in South Australia, was charged with being 53 by a writer the other day. That may be a guess. Some scribes were bold enough as to assert that he was "in the fifties" when he was playing in the early 1930's.

Probably the old saying holds good: "A woman is only as old as she looks, and a man is only as old as he feels." What does it matter anyhow? Some men act like 50 at 30 and some women act like 17 at 50. There can be no general rule.

\* \* \*

Addled passage from an article in the "Saturday Evening Post" (U.S.A.): "King George came to the British throne when its prestige was lower than the basement of a ten-cent store."

After that display of deadly ignorance the editorial corps (pronounced "corpse") of the U.S.A. magazine should re-name it the "Saturday Evening Post-Mortem."

\* \* \*

Having been informed recently by a Sydney newspaper of an "amaz-

ing ordeal," we might turn with profit to Sir John Squire's review of "The Amazing Roosevelt Family," by Karl Schriftgesser. Squire wrote:

"Ruling families neither arrive nor long remain unless they occasionally throw up remarkable men or women. I say "remarkable." I prefer "remarkable" in our present connection to "amazing." If the able and serviceable Roosevelts are described as "amazing," what adjectives have we left for the Cleopatras and Neros, Heliogabaluses and (on

### STUD BOOK QUEEN

Veteran members of a leading Sydney sporting club keenly discussed, in a quiet way, which mare could rightly be called "Queen of Australian Stud Book" (A. B. Gray wrote in "Smith's Weekly"). He added:

It was decided after several had ventured an opinion, that Frailty was entitled to that honour or, at least, to be one of them. Frailty didn't race. She was bred at Tocal, and was by Goldsborough from Flora McIvor, by New Warrior, from Io by Sir Hercules.

Frailty's family number (18), contains many famous names. Her first progeny, Trenton, was by Musket. He was dropped in 1881. Several other foals, some of which didn't live long, followed almost from season to season. Those best known included Niagara, Cuirassier, Cissy, Mary, Bandolier (afterwards renamed Zalinski), Havoc (Australian Cup), Astronomer, Edith Curator and Siege Gun (Auckland Cup). Between them, they and their descendants won practically every event of importance in New Zealand and Australia.

Nightmarch, Chide, High Caste, Silver Scorn, Pershore, Silver Ring, Beauford, Patrobas, Mala and Bourbon are just a few who belong to this family.

Trenton proved a great sire after winning many races in New Zealand and Australia. His progeny included Melbourne Cup winners, Auraria and Revenue, Wakeful and Lady Trenton, last-named a winner of Sydney Cup. Zalinski sired Clean Sweep, a Melbourne Cup winner.

a disgustingly lower plane) the Hitlerers?"

"However," Sir John adds, "the industriously journalistic Mr. Karl Schriftgesser has done his job thoroughly and may be forgiven his catchpenny adjective.

\* \* \*

Mr. S. O. Beilby, father of club member Mr. S. O. Beilby, and owner of Two's Company, died on February 3. He had been a member since February 26, 1940. The passing of this sportsman will be regretted by a wide circle of friends in the club and in the business world.

Others of our members who died recently were Mr. Bevan Archibald, 19/1/44 (joined the club, 18/11/29); Mr. William Morley Johnson, 22/1/1944 (joined the club, 7/5/1934); Mr. J. A. Phillips, 22/1/1944 (joined the club, 24/9/1934).

All were well known and highly respected citizens and popular members of the club. We extend our sympathy to members of their families.

\* \* \*

A daily press writer gave it as his opinion that the recent match between teams representing the New South Wales Cricket Association and the Services might have produced another Trumper, Macartney, Bradman, McCabe and Gregory.

Genius is unpredictable in the matter of occurrence and accomplishment. Average and exceptional people are being born regularly. A genius of, say, music, might be born next week or next century.

We may see another Trumper after this war, or, may be, not until after the next war. Another Trumper and another Bradman might appear in the one season. Such possibilities may be only guessed at.

With good fortune we might hope for the arrival of a Trumper every 50 years, a Bradman and a Macartney every 30 years, a Gregory every 10 years. The McCabes are more predictable and occasional.

\* \* \*

The late Lord Houghton said that the highest condition of social happiness would consist in being known by everybody and knowing nobody; in being asked everywhere and going nowhere.

(Continued on Page 9.)

# AUSTRALIAN COMFORTS FUND

## RACE MEETING

### RANDWICK RACECOURSE

## Saturday, 18th March, 1944

### PROGRAMME

#### The Diggers' Encourage Handicap.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and under)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. One Mile

#### The Services' Handicap.

(For Two-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Six Furlongs.

#### The Automatic Totalisators Handicap.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. One Mile and a Furlong.

#### The Quality Handicap.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. The highest handicap weight, 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Seven Furlongs.

(Prize money kindly donated by Canterbury Park Turf Club, Moorefield Turf Club and Rosehill Racing Club.)

#### The Australian Comforts Fund Cup.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. One Mile and a Quarter.

(Prize money kindly donated by "Truth & Sportsman Ltd.")

#### The Bookmakers' Highweight Handicap.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 8st. One Mile.

### CONDITIONS

**ENTRIES.**—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 6th March, 1944. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

**WEIGHTS.**—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 13th March, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

**ACCEPTANCES.**—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, ONLY at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 16th March.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for balance of the Sweepstakes.

**PENALTIES.**—In all flat races (unless otherwise provided) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance. No Race will be divided.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded, as provided in A.J.C. Rules of Racing 50.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for 1 race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE } Joint Hon.  
T. T. MANNING } Secretaries.

**ENTRIES CLOSE at 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 6th MARCH, 1944**

# BILLIARDS

Time marches on and very frequently memory plays us queer tricks. Looking over some old records the other day writer came across an account of the first thousand and break made at billiards by the all-round route — and that was by Harry Stevenson in 1912.

We have become so used to four-figure compilations that our minds conjure up the idea they have been going on since the year dot, but actually Stevenson started the fashion 32 years back although, by the "spot" method, John Roberts put up 1392 in 1894. Stevenson took 62 minutes for his run but, these days, Walter Lindrum, Joe Davis, Clark McConachy and company get there in under the half hour.

Memory also plays pranks regarding the all-red route which George Gray popularised but, fortunately, only for a time. At first spectators liked to see big tallies being recorded, but the system quickly began to pall and professionals found audiences staying away from exhibitions in large numbers and quickly gave it the discard. Nowadays a red-ball run of any dimensions is a rarity. Certainly the rules have been altered to limit its length, but few, these times, ever go for it seriously. It is well, though, to check up here and recall that our own champion, J. R. Hooper, still holds the all-red record break for an amateur of 228

— or 76 losing hazards in a row. Nearest to him, in England, is the 210 effort by Harry Bond in the British Amateur Billiards Championship at Soho Square in 1926.

We may not like the system, but we'll certainly hang on to the record as long as possible.

It seems only the other day, too, when our own Bill Longworth piled up 335 against Darcy Eccles in a club game. Those who saw it will imagine the incident was only a year or so back. But, time marches on.

We have many accomplished cueists in our midst to-day, but, unfortunately, they do not appear to take the same pains about improving their game as exponents in yesteryear. There is too much of the "win at all costs" about some of the play instead of trying something new and thereby, perhaps, improving the standard of the individual.

What is to be written now must not be taken by members as an affront or any slur on their ethics as sportsmen. It is merely a code of ethics laid down by the Billiard and Control Council of England and applies all over the world in every billiards room from the highest to the lowest. The general idea is to give every player an equal chance of producing his best effort. Here they are for what they are worth:

- (1) Don't stand in your opponent's light.
- (2) Don't use the chalk suspender or rattle any article just close to your opponent when he is about to take his shot.
- (3) Don't ask "what's the score, marker?" when your opponent is about to play his shot.
- (4) Don't enquire "how many is that, marker?" when your opponent is in the middle of a break.
- (5) Don't smile in derisive manner when your opponent declares he played for a certain shot which surprised you. Rightly or wrongly, what you may have thought was a fluke might really have been a good shot.
- (6) Don't ask your opponent to have a "spot" when he is in the middle of a break; your generosity may be misconstrued.

- (7) Don't stand in front of a pocket ready to field your opponent's ball.
- (8) Don't try to be sympathetic to your opponent when you have established a good lead. His time is sure to come and, meanwhile, make certain you keep well in front.
- (9) Don't drop your cue when your opponent is in the act of striking; you may not, of course, mean to put him off, but the action may be regarded as suspicious.
- (10) Don't magnify your opponent's flukes and minimise your own.
- (11) Don't talk to lookers-on in tones loud enough for your opponent to hear.

The Eleven Commandments, as outlined above, can be followed with advantage to all. Most players observe them from natural instinct but a few err through not thinking or treating them as trivial. But, nothing is trivial with so grand a game which few can really play, but at which so many "play at."



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Grows  
Thin*

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SUPPORTS

73

AUSTRALIAN

PRISONERS OF WAR

# Sports Round in America

WITH GRANTLAND RICE

How can you play golf without a golf ball? Or baseball without a baseball? Or football minus a football to throw or carry or kick?

One of the leading golf ball manufacturers writes me that the present supply is almost out. There hasn't been a golf ball manufactured since 1941.

"Golfers," he says, "have refused to listen to our warning. They were supposed to turn in old golf balls to be recessed and redressed. They haven't done so. At least only a minor per cent. Unless they wake up and send these balls in to be remade, they may be playing with a potato or a tomato."

There was a lot of golf played through 1943. Many courses had their best year. But it will be far different in 1944, unless players begin to salvage what they have left.

"The synthetic brand hasn't worked out. There will be no golf balls manufactured until the war is over. It is now up to the player to save his own game."

Golfers may have to use the Hurry-up Yost type of play. When Mr. Yost built the course for Michigan University some years ago, he played the game without either clubs or balls. Yost would walk 260 yards along the fairway and say: "This is where my drive went." He would then walk to the green, about 8 feet from the cup, and say: "This is my second shot." He would then hole the phantom putt.

As a result, Mr. Yost never took more than a 73 on any round. Now and then he would vary things with a snappy 68.

"In this way," he said, "I get the same amount of exercise—I never get in a trap—I never miss a shot—I never blow a short putt." This isn't such a cockeyed idea, when you think it over.

\* \* \*

#### Services Want Sports News.

I have just received a letter from Captain Paul Zimmerman, now stationed in India. Captain Zimmerman a year ago was sporting editor of the "Los Angeles Times."

"We are a long way from home," he said, "but all service men I've

#### SYNTHETIC GOLF NOW.

*I shot a golf ball in the air.  
It fell to earth—I know not where.  
And this was very, very sad.  
It was the only one I had.*

seen are keen about getting the sporting news. We had the World Series replayed for us a day late over the air, but it would have been just as welcome a week or a month later.

"I have talked to many of them about the sporting programmes back in the States, especially baseball and football. They are all for it. They know in this war the Army and Navy are taking all who are fit for service.

"A few gripe because some well-known athlete is turned down for a punctured eardrum or some other minor ailment, but most of them understand that draft boards have to follow certain set rules.

"Out here they play baseball, football and basketball, box and wrestle. The equipment is pretty low, but they do the best they can with what they have. Our troops have certainly carried their games around the world. It is about the closest tie they have with home, and I know it would be a blow to them if all sport were badly curtailed or cut down. "They understand there isn't any slackening on the part of those who don't happen to be in uniform at the moment. What's going on back home this winter?"

Well, for one thing, Paul, your home town has the Rose Bowl going again, not to overlook the 12,500 dols. L.A. Open Golf Tournament, where all prizes will be given in war bonds. That's a starter, anyway.

#### The Curse of Tension.

One reason an Army-Navy game is seldom a high class football soiree, on the football side, is due to the tension of both teams.

One reason golf is such a difficult game to play is also due entirely to tension.

"Golf would be one of the easiest of all games to play," Joe Kirkwood,

the trick-shot master told me, "if it wasn't for tension. Tension is the big killer, the thing that tightens them all up from the top star to the lowest duffer."

Tack Hardwick, one of Harvard's greatest football players, one of the best competitors I ever saw in action, once told me he would rather look at eleven blue Yale jerseys than one small white golf ball.

"I figured I could handle my share of those blue jerseys," Tack said. "I knew I could never handle that golf ball. It had me lucked from the start."

I once asked Knute Rockne why he gave up golf. "I've beaten every other game," Rock said. "But here's a game that has whipped me. I know I can't lick it."

Golf is strictly a personal game—the matter of conquering yourself. No one can block you—or even touch you. No one can interfere with you in any way.

It's all up to you. Golf is strictly an individual war with you against yourself. This helps to account for its widespread popularity, since every normal human being is more interested in himself than he is in anyone else.

\* \* \*

#### Football Features.

There were two features of the 1943 football season that should be considered at closer range.

This first is that in spite of all handicaps there were the usual number of powerful teams on top. After this list, the gap was wide and the drop precipitous.

How many seasons have known, at their peak, better teams than Notre Dame, Army and Navy, Duke, Michigan, Purdue, Georgia Tech, Southern California, College of the Pacific, Washington, South-Western Institute, South-Western, Tulsa, Texas, Texas A. and M., Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, North Carolina and one or two more.

You could move this list up to twenty teams, which is a pretty fair average in any season.

And this doesn't include such strong Service teams as Iowa Sea Hawks, March Field, and many

other strictly army and navy teams that stand apart from the college or the Navy Trainee section.

There was the top layer and the lower layer where most civilian teams were naturally outclassed. But these civilian teams still did their part.

Here's another interesting angle. No other season has known as many kid stars, including the ages of 17 and 18 years, who proved they could play with the best.

There were several teams that had five or six men at these immature ages—Ohio State, Indiana, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, etc., who for a good part of the game stood up well.

They lacked the stamina and the body fibre to go the full route, but they were in their tackling and blocking, running and passing until the time came when superior man power wore them down.

Just how many of these will be left of the season of 1944 is anybody's guess. But they will be something to stop a year from now where they are not outclassed.

They have had to learn the road in the hard way and this will make them all the better for whatever football may have to offer when another autumn rolls around.

A harsh era of utility has been ushered in, witness this manifestation in an advertisement published in a country newspaper in Queensland:—

*"For Women Only. — Owner of 1940 Model Ford Car would like to correspond with widow who owns four good tyres; view matrimony. Send photo. of the Tyres when replying to Ajax, c/o 'Advertiser' office, Crow's Nest, Q."*

\* \* \*

On returning from a tour of entertaining 10,000 men in military camps in America, three movie actresses declared that there had been no need for the constant guard placed over them. Think, had there been 10,000 movie actresses and three men!

Harry Hilliard loomed very large in his day. He was born in Sydney in 1826 and played his first cricket at McRobert's school near old St. Phillip's Church, on a near-by green. Two boys who went to this old-time school achieved much distinction, but not as cricketers. One, Sir Thomas Dibbs, shone in banking, and the other, Sir George Dibbs, ruled New South Wales for a time as Premier, and, incidentally, "dammed Chicago." When travelling through America while Premier of this State, he was much importuned to visit Chicago, which press of engagements made it difficult for him to do. When badgered by the Mayor to come along, he petulantly replied, "Oh, damn Chicago."

\* \* \*

Diagnosis of a Macquarie Street practitioner after a long experience: "When women are untidy they are a nuisance; but when they are tidy they are a dam' nuisance."



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## THE FLYING PIEMAN

William Francis King, better known as "The Flying Pieman," was one of the most picturesque characters in the history of Sydney town.

I doubt whether there is a man or woman now alive who could claim acquaintance with the "Flying Pieman."

But in 1919 I met old Jerry Dunn —then 90 years old, who, on several occasions, helped to condition "The Pieman" for an athletic event.

King was the eccentric scion of a well-connected English family (his father was paymaster at the Treasury, Whitehall) and probably the greatest freak and long-distance pedestrian this or any other country has known.

Young King was intended for the Church, but his boisterous habits and unruly behaviour brought about banishment to "The Colonies" in 1829.

In Sydney, Archdeacon Broughton found the ex-student of Divinity a job as school usher at Sutton Forest.

Master King's tastes, however, were more spirituous than spiritual.

So he blossomed as a barman (or potboy) at the Hope and Anchor Inn, which stood on the present site of Proud's Corner, Pitt and King Streets.

Later, King hawked pies in the city and began a series of amazing pedestrian feats.

He was a happy-go-lucky lad and derived small financial benefit from his running and walking record-breaking performances.

They were performed mostly for small cash prizes and wagers.

He walked from the present obelisk in Macquarie Place to the 16-mile post at Parramatta and back again in six hours.

He walked from Sydney to Parramatta and back twice a day for six consecutive days.

He outraced the coach from Windsor to Sydney by seven minutes.

At Maitland, in 1847, he backed himself to run a mile, walk a mile,

wheel a barrow half a mile, pick up 50 stones placed a yard apart, and jump 50 jumps inside an hour and a half, and won the wager with ease.

He also walked 500 half-miles in 500 half-hours. The "Flying Pieman" died in Liverpool Asylum in 1870.

—Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror."

Clare Boothe Luce, the Lady Astor of American politics, sang the praises of her sex in an article featured in the "Australian Women's Weekly." Listen: "Faith, Hope and Charity, pictured by the artist, are always shown in the forms of women. Patience, Tolerance, and Mercy, and Justice with impartial scales, are also generally painted as females. Our own Statue of Liberty is a goddess. And the Winged Victory of Samothrace was also a woman."

Clare might have also quoted Tallyrand: "Liberty is always symbolised by a woman, because they love her most who know her least."

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# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Count Ciano's sleeping sound,  
The sods feet deep below his mound;  
And buried, too, his gust and boast,  
With Fate his shroud and Fame his  
ghost.

Man's striving vain, mad Fortune's  
call,  
Ciano now is wise to all:  
How small a thing is Destiny  
When measured by Eternity.

The day shall be when Musso, too,  
Will share the Count Ciano's view;  
In higher realm will realise  
That man is vain, but God is wise.

\* \* \*

Contrast the foregoing with the narrative of Frank O'Grady (18), of Hurstville, member of the crew of a small Allied merchant vessel which was bombed and sunk in the Arafura Sea: "I saw the Japanese plane. I actually saw the bomb coming down and bawled out to the bos'n and some other bloke near me, 'Look out!'"

Young O'Grady creates for us a clear picture of what happened and how, and we cannot mistake his meaning any more than the bos'n or the bloke near him could have misinterpreted O'Grady's command.

\* \* \*

Pains and aches in order of intensity: toothache, stomachache, backache, headache, heartache.

\* \* \*

Reading of remarkable women in history, I came across a story about a highly born Athenian who, when the names of prominent men of the day were mentioned in her presence, naively remarked: "At one time or another they have all knocked at my door."

\* \* \*

The congresswomen of America can outspell, as well as out-talk, the congressmen. Four of the women carried off the honours in an old-fashioned spelling bee conducted by the Speaker of Congress. Two men were bumped off on "satellite," before Clare Booth-Luce slipped on "supersede." The author-playwright insisted that there was a "c" in it, and the men put three "t's" in "satellite." A man missed "acquiesce" (leaving out the "c"); another gave

"postscript" only one "s." Strangest of all, two congressmen muffed "colossal," putting two "l's" in the middle. They could not have been reading the movie magazines. The final count was nine mistakes for the men and eight for the women.

\* \* \*

When a British bomber blasted a war plant in a Danish town recently, Goebbels issued a communique saying that no damage had been done, except that a cow had been hit. The local newspaper dutifully printed the communique, then commented simply: "The cow burned for four days."

\* \* \*

## BLACK MARKET

Sing a song of sixpence  
What shall Johnnie do?  
Father's in the cellar  
Making home brew.  
Mother's in the kitchen  
Boiling malt and hops;  
Jim is in the parlour  
Looking out for cops.

\* \* \*

The Parents and Teachers' Association of Portland (Oregon, U.S.A.) complained of too much kissing among theatre audiences. Members offered to police theatres if managers were unable to do so. A theatre manager got back by offering a season ticket to any female member of the Parents and Teachers' Association who would admit that she had never been kissed in a theatre.

The offer amounted to a double-ended trap. A woman would have been incriminated by a confession and depreciated by a denial. There were no takers.

\* \* \*

Within the past two months in Sydney two men have been booked on charges of having driven hearses at a furious speed.

You know how you would feel if accused constantly of running dead.

\* \* \*

## Looking Ahead, But Guessing.

Those who are trying to guess what is going to happen to big-time baseball and football next season are trying to outguess destiny and fate.

It all depends on the length and

progress of the war. If the war swings in 1944 at an increased pace or tempo, if it moves into a new fury through another spring, there will be no big time competitive sport.

Or, if there is, it will be on a minor scale. This can all change if Germany cracks and the European end is in sight. For once the European turmoil is over, Japan's doom, whether short or long, is as certain as the rising and the setting of the sun.

There are those who believe Germany will toss in all the towels she can reach before spring. There are others who look for another bitter year of battle. I happen to be among the few who don't know and who have no guess to make.

If you can tell me what will happen in the war through the next six months, I can tell you what will happen to sport.

There are two schools of so-called thought. One school has this idea: in an Army and Navy of ten million a few hundred football and baseball players would make little difference on the war side.

The other school believes that able-bodied men capable of playing football or baseball should be in the service on the active side.

I happen to agree with the latter school. It is my belief that the trained athlete should get first call for war service. I stick with the old Greek angle that an "athlete" is one trained in sport and competition for the service of war. Otherwise sport is on a completely commercial basis.

In my opinion there should be no exemptions of any sort simply because the athlete was needed to keep the sporting game going.

Sport in this country, as in England, is essential. But it should be provided from the war side, not from the civilian side, except in the cases of those under 18 years old, or those beyond 38. We can still keep going without exempting those or coddling those between 18 and 38.

Once again it should be remembered this is all up to various draft boards plus Army and Navy regulations with no reflection on anyone not in uniform.

(Continued on Page 11.)

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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 9.)

### PRINTERS' ERRORS

A Dundee Newspaper Report

A woman visitor residing at the \_\_\_\_\_ hotel had an exciting experience when she accidentally stepped over the edge of the East Pier.

A lifeboat was thrown to the girl, and this she managed to grasp at the second attempt.

Newspaper Report with the Heading "Princess and the India Bill Allegation"

Lord Halifax, for the Government, said that Lord Salisbury had suggested that an almost naked bride had been offered to the Princes. Nothing could be more untrue, and more derogatory to the honour of our relations with the Princes and to the honour of any Government.

From a Washington, U.S., Newspaper

It was a mistake about Herman, and the boys at Texas Christian University named their horned frog mascot Hermainia after finding nine baby frogs in the pen, have apologised. father consisted of spaghetti, peppers, whisky and coffee.

"Domestic Situations" Announcement in London Evening Newspaper

Wife's services required in return for unfurnished flat, rent free.

From a Local Newspaper Report.

The Mayor then raised the punch bowl to his lips, remarking, "And now prosperity to all the people of B\_\_\_\_ and prospehity to uor good old tiwn." (Applause.)

### A Local Tribute

Gunn was a brilliant sportsman in every sense of the term . . . yet, a sporting idol as he was, Gunn never forgot the sterner side of life and for years he sang in the parish church choir.

\* \* \*

Quoting a cable from London published by the "Daily Mirror":

A British seaman relates in the official organ of his union the story of a shipwrecked sailor telling his mate: "Cheer up. We can't be far from civilisation. There are a couple of bombers approaching."

A story based similarly on anti-climax was told at the time of America's servitude under prohibition. The Irish steward aboard a British liner en route to the U.S.A. entered the smoke-room and addressed all and sundry: "Gintilmin, ordher your lahst round of dhrinks, th' Statue of Liberty is in sight."

\* \* \*

### HUSTLE AND GRIN

Smile and the world smiles with you;

"Knock," and you go it alone;  
For the cheerful grin will let you in  
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;  
Laugh, and the path is bright;  
For a welcome smile brings sunshine,  
while

A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh and you "rake in" nothing;  
Work, and the prize is won;  
For the nervy man with the back-  
bone can  
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle! and fortune awaits you;  
Shirk! and defeat is sure;  
For there's no chance of deliverance  
For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,  
Grumble, and things go wrong,  
And all the time you are out of  
rhyme

With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there is trouble brewing,  
Whistle and life is gay.  
And the world's in tune like a day  
in June  
And the clouds all melt away.

\* \* \*

At the latest meeting of the Fellowship of Writers Frank Clune, in the course of an address on Australian bushrangers, mentioned that he had been at Forbes every May for the past 18 years, and noted that on every 5th of May (the anniversary of Ben Hall's death) a beautiful bunch of flowers was placed on the grave. "It is 76 years since Hall was shot," said the speaker, "yet his memory seems as green as if he had died recently."—"The Bulletin."

The racing broadcaster, returned from a wedding celebration, began talking in his sleep, and this much was recorded:

"They've been called into line. The bride's mother and the bridegroom's mother are playing up . . . What's this? The bride's mother has been hurdled off. The bridegroom is rather disinclined to face the barrier and eventually has to be led up. The bride has made two attempts already to break through the tapes.

"They're off! First away is the bridegroom and, stretching out well, he at once sets up a big break on the field. He's going for his life! Along the back stretch it appeared that he attempted to run off the course, but all gates were closed.

"The bride and the bridesmaid are now several lengths off the leader, with the best man holding a good position and the bride's father and bridegroom's father falling back.

"Around the turn into the straight and facing up for home, the bride and the bridesmaid have commenced their run; and, yes, the bride's mother has come into the picture; also the bride's maiden aunt. It's a cracking pace and the bridegroom is the first to show signs of cracking.

"As they approach the Leger, the bridesmaid has ranged up on the outside of the bridegroom, and the bride on the inside, with the bride's mother on his heels. There's some crowding here.

"So they approach the post. The bride wins, full of running. . . . Well, there was a racecourse certainty never in doubt. The bridegroom ran exceptionally well under his heavy handicap, and the bride's maiden aunt finished surprisingly close for an outsider. The bridesmaid gave a glimpse of real form, and should win at the next outing."

\* \* \*

Perhaps I am a little pessimistic, but I prefer that to hailing every moke standing out from its fair to average contemporaries as "a second Phar Lap," every batsman possessing more than average style and skill as "a coming Trumper," and every footballer conspicuous among negative backs as "reminiscent of Messenger."

(Continued on Page 15.)

# HEROIC YOUTH

By EDWARD SAMUEL

## Introductory:

In this article the author illustrates in graphic true episodes of real life, in the present war, the almost unbelievable deeds of heroism of mere boys, young British heroes all, indeed "chips off the old block."

The incidents indeed relate to the gallant deeds of "mess boys" in the Navy and Merchant Service, whose names, with no doubt those of many other lads in the Empire, will surely go down in history as living up to the greatest traditions of our race.

Heroism on land, in the air, and on the sea is by no means confined to adults either in peace or war — nor for that matter is it limited to the youth of any individual unit of our Empire—for it is of youth that I speak and this brief talk is entirely devoted to Ships' Boys.

Ships' boys are a race all to themselves. An adventurous, amusing, mustard-keen, bright-eyed breed who make endless cups of tea and get kidded around and scamper along the companionways nosily, running a gauntlet of good-humoured cuffs. You can take them in with a long series of whiskered practical jokes—if you can keep your face straight enough — such as running along to the stores for a rubber mallet or going to the Chief Engineer to ask him the time.

A game little race, these boys who are discovering how to live but who know how to die, a saucy, slippery race—and it's high time their deeds were recorded in history.

You tell them, first time aboard, that they'll "get into the run of things"—the phrase has been dinned into the ears of a thousand—and it's true, of course. I have in mind a seventeen-year-old galley boy of my acquaintance, Harry Davey, who had his first ship torpedoed under him in the Atlantic two years ago, was torpedoed in his second ship when homeward bound from Africa, sailed 1,500 miles in a lifeboat, recovered from his first bout of malaria and then had a tin fish through his third ship.

"I want to go back to sea again,"

he says, "to overcome this torpedoing bogey."

Into the run of things, too, was Peter Nugent, a cabin boy fra' Glasgow, when he found himself left alone by accident on board a sinking and torpedoed vessel. He made himself a cup of tea!

As he had the kettle on, a second torpedo tore into the hull, but it left Peter unshaken. He drank his tea

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**Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.**

**The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.**

and, seven hours later, a warship's look-out spotted him cheerily sitting on the high and rapidly tilting stern.

The A.B.'s were taken aback by his coolness. "What if we hadn't arrived?" they asked.

"I should have managed somehow!" he replied.

And no doubt he would have done. They're nothing, these lads, if not resourceful. The crew of a Russian convoy ship used to pull

sixteen-year-old Johnny Conroy's leg about the outsize clasp knife he always carried in his belt. It was a big, boyish, piratical knife — and Johnny swallowed in its brigandish effect. Then his ship was sunk by a Junkers dive-bomber and the cutlery, as they say, plus his courage, brought him the B.E.M.

With another lad he was the last to leave the ship. They found a raft still lashed to the deck. With the knife he hacked away at the two-inch securing rope till they were eventually launched and away. Then a number of other fellows seemed to appear from nowhere in the water. It was an old bosun who saw that one large raft would be better than a number of little ones, and there were plenty of the latter floating about empty. It was Johnny—with his knife—who set out to secure and lash them together.

Then again, as an illustration of sheer resource, there is the exploit of Donald Morrison, another messboy from Glasgow. You know how sometimes, when you run into trouble, you want to comfort these young 'uns. When his ship was torpedoed, a bluff older hand told Donald there was no immediate danger. He swallowed the story whole, went back to his bunk and fell asleep.

An outsize bang, perhaps a boiler explosion, awakened him. On deck the ship was listing so badly that he had to cling to a stanchion to keep his feet. He shouted, and only the seagulls squawked in reply. He in turn was alone and the ship was sinking rapidly. He did not know, could not know, that the crew would soon be landing safely at a British port . . . to report him the only casualty.

"There was nothing else for it," he says, "but to dive overboard."

As he leapt into the raft-dotted sea he grazed his head on a derrick and was nearly finished before he reached the nearest raft. And now, note the common-sense of the kid. Far away, beyond the rafts, was a lifeboat which appeared to be empty.

When young Donald felt rested, he swam from raft to raft towards it till he could swim no more. It was not his fault, then, if the boat still seemed as far away as ever. He decided to stay on the raft where he was and with some odd scraps of wood he built himself a screen to keep off the biting wind. Exhausted, he presently fell asleep. Preventing the worst effects of exposure, the screen saved his life and, two hours after waking, he was picked up unharmed.

That's the way it is with these youngsters. Sixteen-year-old Apprentice Johnny Gregson won the Albert Medal when he dropped an injured shipmate overboard from a blazing ship and swam with him a third of a mile through the darkness. Cadet Freddy Treves found a wireless officer who could not swim floundering about in a sea of black oil and carried out a life-saving act as coolly as if he were in a swimming bath.

When the refrigerator ship Marconi was sunk by a U-boat, Freddy Farrell, the steward's boy, cheered up the men in his boat through ten days of drifting, singing them songs.

Reading of these everyday acts of heroism on the part of ships' boys, it is difficult to realise that their world is not fully adult. When Jimmy Barth, for instance, was cast away for some days in the ship's boat, the older hands tried to console him.

"Cheer up!" they said. "Don't look so gloomy."

"You'd look gloomy," he retorted, "sitting here day after day — with all you giants!"

Then there's Victor Haggith, the boy who ran away to sea at fourteen, after writing a polite note to his mother, "You can't expect me to stop at home, Mum, the Hood has gone down . . ." He was torpedoed twice in six days. At fifteen he was the youngest ship's gunner in the Merchant Navy. And then someone at the Ministry of Information tumbled to the purport of Victor Haggith. He wasn't just a ship's boy, one of the seafaring thousands. He was typical . . .

They gave Victor a tougher job—touring America to ask workers in factories and shipyards to build more ships. "I guess I'm young,"

he begins. "I can tell you I have felt like an old man more than once lately . . ." And he ends, "I want you to build two extra ships for me . . ." At an age when most boys are Boy Scouts, collecting waste paper for salvage, Victor is collecting ships.

Audiences say they can scarcely believe it when he walks on the stage. Victor to-day, for all that, is perhaps Britain's most famous ship's boy.

Let me end with an unknown one, Tyneside's Terrence Garraghan, obscure although he has been decorated by the King with the Distinguished Service Medal for his courage and devotion to duty.

With another Distinguished Service Medal cabin boy, Arthur Sproxton, Terry had volunteered for a ship taking a vital cargo to Russia without escort. They were told, of course, that they were too young. And they persisted . . .

At Buckingham Palace the King had to look down on five-foot Terry as he talked to him. Afterwards, proud of his decoration, the poor kid walked through the streets of London, trying to buy a Distinguished Service Medal Ribbon to wear on his tunic. The shopkeepers laughed at him. They said such a small boy couldn't have won the Distinguished Service Medal. Terry had to take the case out of his pocket and show them the medal to prove it.

I sincerely hope that these brief glimpses of heroism and initiative big boys, will spur my Australian friends to record some of the deeds of Australian lads serving in a similar capacity.

I am confident that Australian boys have also a record second to none, so well do I remember the wonderful work, and voluntary works of Boy Sea Rovers which years before this war converted a bare barren pinnacle of rock on the upper reaches of Sydney Harbour into a first-class Sea Training Depot for Boys — Snapper Island.

It is surely a pity that the seniors as well as the juniors were not so farsighted. I can well imagine that many of these Australian lads have earned eternal fame since 1939 — I for one should welcome news of them.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY

On July 4, 1776, the Continental Congress, meeting at Philadelphia, adopted the Declaration of Independence, which asserted that the thirteen American colonies were free from the British Empire. The document was signed later by 56 men. The Revolutionary War, its aims crystallised by the document, continued until 1783.

That is history. Before the latest celebration of "The Glorious Fourth," an American newspaper asked American citizens chosen at random in streets: "Why do you celebrate July 4?"

Among the astounding answers given were these: "That was the day George Washington and the boys cracked the Liberty Bell" . . . "A war with England ended on July 4 a long time ago" . . . "I didn't know there is a Fourth of July. I never stopped to think of that" . . . "The fourth of July is the day Columbus sailed and made Labor free" . . . "Why, some war ended on July 4. I'm not sure just what war it was."

"The Daily Mirror" reported that, as a result of British bombing, Lord Haw Haw was hors de combat.

Rather, haws de combat.

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## THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 11.)

Gene Tunney addressed Australian and American troops from a boxing ring in New Guinea. Quoting "The Sun":

"Tunney told the boys that Joe Louis was the greatest puncher the world had known, but he claimed that Jack Dempsey, with his style and speed, would have whipped Louis in three or four rounds.

"He declared that the three greatest Australian ringmen were Bob Fitzsimmons, Les Darcy and Griffo. "Fitz" was the deepest thinker of all times; Darcy the finest at his weight, and Griffo the cleverest.

"All that brought cheers from the Australians, and the former champion entertained the big gathering with all kinds of anecdotes and opinions.

"For instance he said that Jack Johnson would have been knocked out by Louis inside three rounds. Johnson, he added, beat mostly light-heavyweights.

"Perhaps the greatest fighter to appear in any ring, pound for pound, said Tunney, was Jimmy Wilde.

"Max Baer could have been the

outstanding heavyweight of all time had he trained and entered the ring without the fear of getting hurt. And so it went on.

"There was only one moan from the Australians:

"What do you think of Jack Carroll?" came a voice from the 'outer.'

"Who is he?" asked Tunney.

\* \* \*

Tunney's description of Louis as "the greatest puncher the world had known"; Tunney's statement that "Jack Johnson would have been knocked out by Louis inside three rounds"; Tunney's claim that "Jack Dempsey would have whipped Louis in three or four rounds," are all sweeping assertions, as reported. They seem irresistibly to lead an average reader to the conclusion—while crediting Tunney with frankness and modesty—that, since Tunney defeated Dempsey—well?

Not many may agree with Tunney on his grading of Jack Johnson. I have heard veterans of knowledge and experience describe Johnson as "a real champion and the greatest defensive boxer of all time."

My experience of Johnson, Demp-

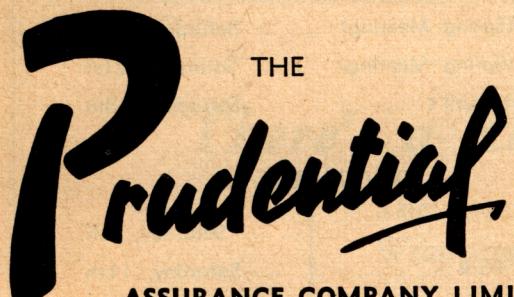
sey and Tunney is confined to the motion pictures, but on those showings I should say that Johnson would have accounted for Dempsey and Tunney. Whether Johnson knocked them out or won on points he would have given the pair a pasting.

To get a true line on Dempsey's form when he met Tunney, it should be remembered that Dempsey had previously had many bitter contests, including that one with Firpo. Just as a racehorse has only so many races in him, and no more, so is a fighter equipped with so many fights—real fights. It is the law of human limitations operating—and no man or beast or bird in history has beaten it.

\* \* \*

Judge Curlewis, sensitive to the sounds of the English language, had trouble with a plaintiff in the District Court. "Don't drop your voice," the Judge commanded, adding: "You mumble, you clip your words, you do not speak plainly. Why do you not learn to speak good English?"

"What's his profession?" the man's counsel was asked. "Elocutionist, I think," answered the man of the law.



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H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis, W. Deuchar Gordon.

H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director. P. CURETON, Manager.  
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for Absentees  
and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed £61,500,000

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

# RACING FIXTURES

## 1944

### FEBRUARY.

Rosehill	Saturday, 5th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 12th
Moorefield	Saturday, 19th
Ascot	Saturday, 26th

### MARCH.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 4th
Canterbury	Saturday, 11th
Australian Comforts Fund	Saturday, 18th
Rosehill	Saturday, 25th

### APRIL.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 1st
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	Saturday, 8th
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	Monday, 10th
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	Saturday, 15th
Rosehill	Saturday, 22nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 29th

### MAY.

Moorefield	Saturday, 6th
Canterbury	Saturday, 13th
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 27th

### JUNE.

Rosehill	Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick)	Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting)	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting)	Saturday, 24th

### JULY.

Canterbury	Saturday, 1st
Rosehill	Saturday, 8th
Moorefield	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 22nd
Victoria Park	Saturday, 29th

### AUGUST.

Ascot	Saturday, 5th
Moorefield	Saturday, 12th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick)	Saturday, 26th

### SEPTEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 16th
Rosehill	Saturday, 23rd
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 30th

### OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 7th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 21st
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

### NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 18th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 25th

### DECEMBER.

Moorefield	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Ascot	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Saturday, 23rd
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Tuesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 30th

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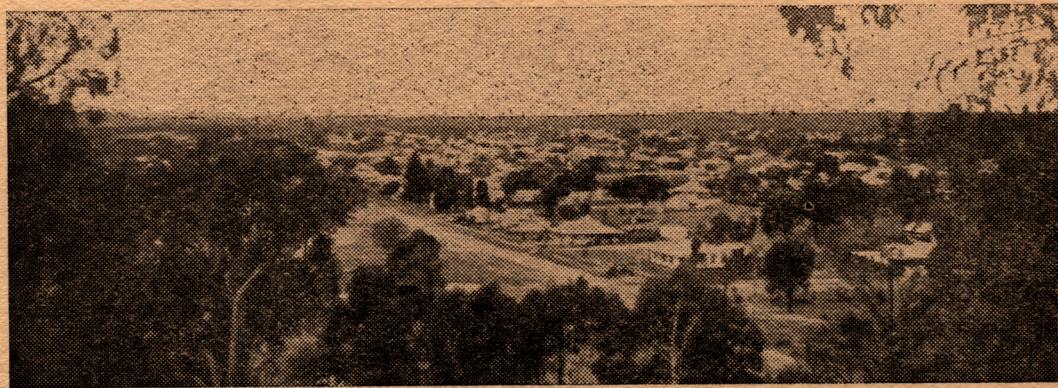
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## COONABARABRAN

**S**CENIC beauty, combined with a mild and healthy climate, has induced many people to make Coonabarabran their home. The town, behind which rears the bold skyline of the Warrumbungle Range, is the centre of those rich lands round the headwaters of the Castlereagh River.

Explorer John Oxley, after his unsuccessful attempt to elucidate the mystery of the westward flow of the Lachlan and Macquarie Rivers in 1818, passed through the district crossing the Castlereagh somewhat to the north of the site of Coonabarabran.

Despite his unflattering report, and possibly because of the optimism of Captain Sturt, pioneers later pushed out beyond the limits of settlement and in the early 1830's squatting commenced along the Castlereagh.

In the 1840's James Weston bought 16,000 acres of Crown land upon which to run his cattle—land named by the natives "Coonabarabran"—meaning, so far as could be ascertained, "an inquisitive fellow."

As with the beginning of so many of our country centres, teamsters carrying supplies to the outskirts of settlement camped at what was named Nandi Flat and so Nandi Flat and the rough hotel erected by James Weston was the beginning of Coonabarabran.

About 1860, Alfred Croxton took over the property and from the town survey made a year previously by Lewis Gordon, the first land sale in Coonabarabran took place in the bar parlour of Croxton's Hotel.

The first doctor in the town was John Cockburn, J.P., who with Eben Orr, J.P. of Garrawilla and Edward Parsons of Garrawilla Belar, administered justice.

Early in 1865 on the road to Coolah, Constable Ward was mortally wounded by a Chinese bushranger and this tragic incident resulted in the transfer of Senior Constable afterwards Sergeant Ewing from Windeyer, Meroo Goldfield, to Coonabarabran, where he became a well-known identity for many years.

A description of Coonabarabran in 1865 is interesting . . . "The town consisted of six buildings. These comprised two hotels, a post office, a police barracks, a courthouse, lock-up and gaoler's quarters (all under the one roof) and the newly-built fine home of Alfred Croxton.

The Courthouse of to-day stands on the site of the 1865 building. The police barracks was situated on the bank of the Castlereagh River, half a mile west of the courthouse; it was a two-roomed, bark-roofed, slab-sided, ground floor building, having two bark-roofed skillions attached.

The post office was alongside the pound-yards west up the river from the police bar-

racks. David Cockburn was mail contractor and poundyard keeper and his wife, besides conducting a private school, was postmistress.

Alfred Croxton had taken up land with the intention of going into breeding and grazing sheep for their wool.

Coonabarabran and its locality had been interested in the cattle industry, but this new idea of going in for wool raising in place of cattle had begun to cause the cattle raisers to inquire into the worthwhile of sheep breeding for their wool values. There was in consequence, a great deal of argument" . . .

It was quite a red letter day for all in the town when the news was circulated that Mr. Croxton had bought a flock of sheep and everyone went down to see these sheep; up to that time many of the children had never seen these animals.

So Coonabarabran was launched into the wool industry in mid 1865. The town site at the time was heavily timbered with big trees and young growths hid any dwelling area one hundred yards away from it.

There were, of course, other settlers in the Coonabarabran locality, but not within the town area then—William Field who kept an hotel at Nandi Mountain and nearer to the town on the Coonabarabran-Ulamambri Road, the names of Holt, Taylor, Montgomery and Cockburn were well known as also were, on their respective holdings, Sowden, Knight, Mathews, Conn and Kennedy.

Dr. Cockburn, a tower of strength in Coonabarabran, died in 1867, and his wife, who had learned to dispense medicines and generally assist her husband, came to reside there, and many were the pioneers who owed their lives to her.

In those early days transport was exceedingly difficult. Teams were sent down every three or six months for the loading of supplies to either Mudgee or Maitland. If the weather was particularly wet, it was often five months before the wagons returned.

In 1870 the rich Gulgong goldfield was discovered and in 1872 there were 60,000 people there, but as the claims petered out, this forced growth population scattered, and about 1875 Coonabarabran benefited by these one-time gold-diggers arriving as settlers to take up land for the raising of sheep.

Three years before this the first church was established and the town con-

tinued to grow. The bridge over the Castlereagh was built and this was a source of great advancement to Coonabarabran.

The local Pastoral and Agricultural Association held its first show in 1881 and the newspaper "The Bligh Watchman" was first published about 1883.

In 1906 the Coonabarabran Shire Council was formed, and in 1917 the advent of the railway brought a period of progression for the district. Since 1929 the Shire Council has reticulated the electricity supply, serving towns as far away as Binnaway and Baradine and a water supply was inaugurated in 1934.

In the many thousands of acres under cultivation in the fertile area grow wheat, hay, greed feed, and practically all crops that flourish in temperate zones, such as lucerne, maize, oats, potatoes, grapes and various fruits.

Coonabarabran is a sheep district and in addition there are many cattle and horses whilst dairying is firmly established. It is interesting also to note that large quantities of ironbark and cypress pine are exported from the forests lying to the north.

The splendid Oxley Highway passes through the district which is also well served by railway, having in addition to direct communication with Sydney, proximity to the Dubbo-Werris Creek cross-country line.

With modern institutions and provision for comfortable living, Coonabarabran is on the threshold of another era of progress and further evolution from the Coonabarabran of the early 60's comprising six buildings bark-roofed, slab-walled and earthen floored.

The sturdy pioneers who laid the foundations for the future would be proud of the picturesque town and prosperous district which is Coonabarabran.



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